

T H E  
**PROCLAMATION** Promoted,  
 O R A N  
 H U E-and-C R Y and Inquisition  
 A F T E R  
**TREASON and BLOOD;**

Upon the Inhumane and horrid Murder of that Noble Knight, Impartial  
 Justice of Peace, and Zealous Protestant,  
 Sir *EDMOND BERRY GODFREY* of WESTMINSTER.

An hasty P O E M.

**O** Murder! Murder! let this Shreik fly round,  
 Till Hills and Dales, and Rocks and Shores rebound.  
 Send it to Heaven and Hell; for both will be  
 Astonished and Concern'd as much as we.

First send to *Endor* where of old did dwell  
 An Hagg, could Fates of Kings and Kingdoms tell.  
 If that cannot be found, to *Eckron* go,  
 To *Pluto's* Oracle and Hell below.  
 There serve this Hue and Cry, for there 'twas hatch'd,  
 (Except the Priests their Gods have over-match'd.)  
 Methinks *Belzebub*, if he be outdone  
 In his Grand Misteries; and *Rome* needs none  
 Of his Black Arts, but can Out-Devil Hell,  
 His Envy and Revenge this Plot should tell:  
 And by disclosing in his own defence,  
 Not only vindicate his Innocence,  
 But hasten their destruction, and prevent  
 Loss of his Trade, (the Jesuites intent.)  
 Unless he fears them, as indeed he may;  
 When once in Hell, none shall Command but they.

But if this Tragedy be all his own,  
 And Roman Actors (taught by him) have shown  
 How they can play, all parts he can devise;  
 Female or Male, with or without disguise:  
 And need no Caeodæmons prompting Art  
 Or Whisper, but can fill up any part.  
 Fast, Pray and Weep, Swear and Forswear, Decoy,  
 Trappan, Kiss, Flatter, Smile, and so Destroy.  
 Stab, Pistol, Poison Kings, Unking, Dethrone,  
 Blow up or down, Save, Damn, make all their own.  
 Knows not he then, tho founder of the Stage,  
 The Laws of Theatres in every Age.  
 That th' Actors, not the Author of the Play,  
 Do challenge the Rewards of the first day.  
 Make then their names renown'd, and come to hide  
 Such Children of thy Revels and thy Pride.  
 Send to their Father, and thy eldest Son  
 That Lucifer of *Rome*, what feats they've done:  
 That he may make their names be understood,  
 Written in Kalenders of Martyrs Blood.

But if the Fiends below be Deaf and Dumb,  
 And this conjuring cannot overcome;  
 They and their Imps be damn'd together: I  
 To Gods on Earth will send my Hue and Cry.  
 Arise Just *Charles*, Three Kingdoms Soul and mine,  
 Great *James* thy Grandfather could well divine;  
 And without Spell the bloody Riddle Spell,  
 Writ by like Secretaries of *Rome* and Hell.  
 And if Thy Proclamation cannot do,  
 We pray Gods Spirit may inspire Thee too.  
 If Thy Prophetick *Usher* did not err,  
 The Mass would enter by a Massacre.  
 The Wounds Thy *Godfry* found were meant for Thee,  
 And Thou ly'st Murder'd in Effigie.

In Gods Kings Kingdoms Cause this Knight was slain,  
 Let him a Noble Monument obtain;  
 Erected in Your *Westminsters* great Hall,  
 That Courts of Justice may lament his Fall:  
 And may (when any Papist cometh near)  
 His Marble Statue yield a bloody tear.  
 Yet let him not be buried, let him lie,  
 The fairest Image to draw Justice by.  
 There needs no Balm or Spices to preserve  
 The Corps from Stench, his Innocence will serve.

Ye Lords and Commons joyn your speedy Votes,  
 A Pack of Bloud-Hounds threaten all your Throats.  
 And if their Treason be not understood,  
 Expect to be dissolv'd in your own Blood.  
 O Vote that every Papist (high and low)  
 To martyr'd *Godfry's* Corps in person go;  
 And laying hand upon his wounded Brest,  
 By Oath and Curse his ignorance protest.  
 But oh the Atheisme of that Monstrous Crew,  
 Whose Holy Father can all Bonds undo:  
 Whose Breath can put away the heaviest Oath;  
 Who fears no Heaven nor Hell, but laughs at both.  
 Therefore a safer Vote my Muse suggests,  
 For Priests and Jesuites can swallow Tests  
 As *Hocus Pocus* doth his Rope or Knife,  
 And cheats the gaping Farmer and his Wife.  
 Oh Vote each Sign-post shall a Gibbet be,  
 And hang a Traytor upon every Tree.  
 Yet we'll find Wood enough for Bone-fire piles,  
 T' inlighten and inflame our Brittish Isles  
 Upon th' approaching fifth *November* night,  
 And make Incendiaries curse the light.  
*November* Fires *Septembers* may reveal,  
 One Burn (we say) another Burn will heal.

Lastly, And surely let this Hue and Cry  
 Reach Heaven, where every Star looks like an Eye  
 To that High Court of Parliament above,  
 Whose Laws are mixt with Justice and with Love.  
 Whither Just *Godfry's* Soul's already come,  
 And hath receiv'd the Crown of Martyrdome.  
 Where murder'd Kings and slaughter'd Saints do cry,  
 Their Blood may never unrevenge'd lie.  
 Ye Saints and Angels hate that Scarlet Whore,  
 Whose Priests and Bratts before your Shrines adore,  
 And in their Massacres your Aid implore;  
 Staining your Altars with the precious Gore:  
 Pour down your Vials on their Cursed heads,  
 And in Eternal flames prepare their Beds.  
 And Thou Judge Jesus Hang'd and Murder'd too,  
 By Power of *Rome* and Malice of the Jew,  
 In *Godfry's* Wounds Thine own do bleed anew.  
 Oh Rend Thy Heavens! Come Lord and take Thy Throne,  
 Revenge Thy Martyrs Murder and Thine own.

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